VOL. XXXVI. No. 932. PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 16th, 1895. PRICE 10 CENTS.
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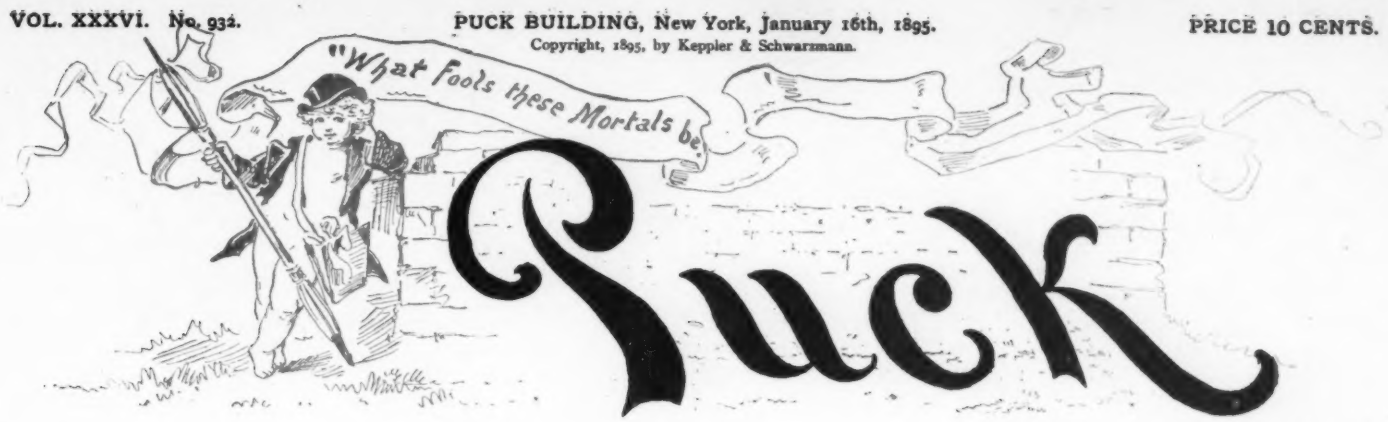

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JOHN BULL'S DILEMMA.

"IT 'S 'ARD TO 'AVE TO DISTURB 'IM—'E 'S SUCH A GOOD CUSTOMER!"

PUCK

"MILADI AUX CHEVEUX ROUGES."

THE LOCKS that curl, Aurora mine,
Above thy pure Palladian brow,
More fair than midnight-morning shine
When leaps the light from Arctic brine
Across the ice-bound whaler's prow!
In other words, I love each braid
That shrines your brow, my red-haired maid.

When Homer pictured Helen's head,
Of "red-gold ringlets" raptured he—
Not sickly gold, but lustrous red;
Small wonder kings and captains bled,
And proudly died for such as she.
Yea, Helen, too, that beauteous jade,
Was once, like thee, a red-haired maid.

In old Venezia—rich and rare—
The Empress Regnant of the South,
No dame was counted truly fair
Forbye the sun had dyed her hair
To match her ripe and rosy mouth.
And Mister Lang had soothly said,
That Portia was a red-haired maid.

And so, Aurora, twine thy curls,
Thy glorious brow to frame with grace;
And when they carp at "red-haired girls,"
Go, shake thy ringlets at the churls,
And dazzle every witling's face.
The world is cold—but who 's afraid?
Thy locks shall warm me, red-haired maid!

Gerald Jno. Brenan.

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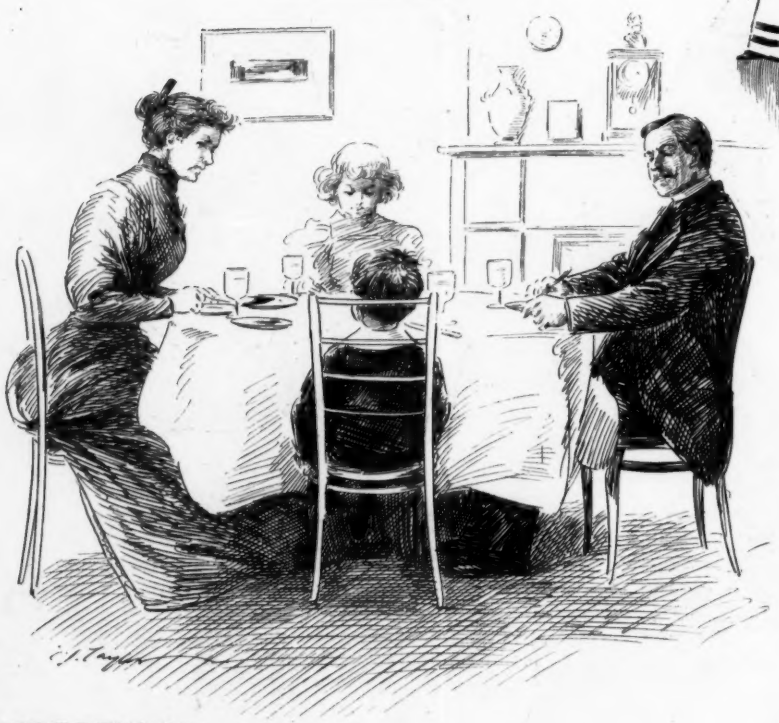
WELL SATISFIED.

SALESMAN.—I am sorry nothing here pleases you, Madam.

MISS SCHOPPER.—On the contrary, I am very well pleased, indeed! Nothing gives me more enjoyment than to look over new goods. Good morning!



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THE DIFFERENCE.

HOSTESS *(with whom little* WILLY *is taking dinner)*.—And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willy?

WILLY *(who has asked for the second piece)*.—No, Ma'm.

HOSTESS.—Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?

WILLY *(confidently)*.—Oh! she would n't care. This is n't her pie, you know!

TOMMY'S EXPLANATION.

TOMMY.—I think I know why the bear never wags his tail when he 's happy?

PAPA.—Why?

TOMMY.—Why, because it is n't long enough!

OH, YES! CERTAINLY!

"Now, you will have to ask Papa for his consent," said Miss Willing to her accepted suitor.

"Oh, yes! Certainly!" replied Jack Coy. "Of course! Er—has he a telephone at his office?"

MRS. CHURCH WERKER.—Oh, Deacon! I hear the Board of Trustees has decided not to hold a fair this season.

DEACON SOPER *(sadly)*.—Yes; the police are so strict since this Lexow Committee business, that we can't make any arrangements for protection.

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ONLY PARTIALLY SUCCESSFUL.

MISS MEADOWBROOK. — Did you take the fence?
BERTIE LITEWAIT. — Oh, no! Only the three top rails.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL REASON.

MAMA.—Why are you always drumming on the side of the house, Tommy?

TOMMY.— Because I am like a gobbler, Mama.

MAMA.—Why are you like a gobbler?

TOMMY.— Because I have a pair of drum sticks, but no drum.

AN AMATEUR'S TRIUMPH.

MRS. BROWN.— I never saw more perfect acting than Miss Smith's at that amateur performance.

BROWN.— She was n't in the cast, was she?

MRS. BROWN.— No; she sat in a front seat and looked as though she enjoyed it.

ONE RELIEF, ANYWAY.

ST. PETER *(to* APPLICANT. — What was your position in life?

APPLICANT *(despondently)*.— I was a capitalist and President of the Monopoly Trust.

ST. PETER *(encouragingly)*. —Well, well, my poor man, cheer up! It won't be so hard for you down there, after all. There are no newspapers there to abuse you.

"WHEN THE alligator closed its jaws on you did you give yourself up as lost?"

"No; I remembered my folding-bed accident and took courage."

BROWN.— In one respect, American writers are at a disadvantage compared with those of Europe.

JONES.— In what respect?

BROWN.—They can't make nearly as much money by going around the country and telling us what they think of us.

"THEY SELL water in Cairo."

"How interesting! And do they have the milk ticket system, too?"

A CHEAP COAT does n't necessarily make a cheap man; it may only make him feel so.

GOLDEN SILENCE.

LITTLE JOHNNY *(bursting in)*.— Oh, Mama! a nice old man gave me and Ikey Geldstein a handful of pennies.

HIS MOTHER.—Well, what did you and Ikey say?

LITTLE JOHNNY.— I said "Thankee, sir!" but Ikey was too busy countin' his to say anything.

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SUPERSTITIOUS.

KIDDY MCNABB. — Wot wuz it fur Swipesy got sent up?

TOMMY, THE RAT. — He holds a loidy up one day on Maderson Avenue, an' pinches her opal pin. Dat 's highway robbery, an' he 's doin' time fer six.

KIDDY MCNABB *(with conviction)*. — Did n't I allus tell yer dem opals wuz unlucky?

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

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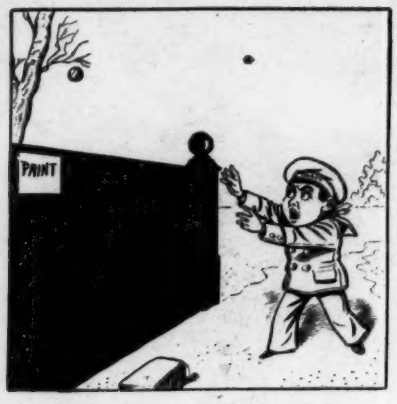

WILLY. — Drat it! There goes my ball over in that yard!

"I can get it back, though.

"Now, look what I have done! I did n't see that sign!

"Oh, Mother, Mother, Mother! Just see what I 've done!"

MOTHER *(in great rage)*. — You careless, dirty boy! I 'll teach you not to get paint all over your clothing again!

WILLY *(between sobs)*. — Had n't — you — better — teach — yourself, too?

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INDIRECT HAPPINESS.

FRIEND. — I thought you said you always tried to send beggars and tramps away from here happy. Now look at that tramp who has just managed to free himself from the clutches of your bull dog. What do you say to that?

HOUSEHOLDER. — Well, you go and ask him if he is n't mighty happy to get away!

THE FIRST WEDDING.

KITTY. — You know that when two people are deeply in love they are eager to perform some act of self-sacrifice in order to prove their devotion for each other.

TOM. — Yes; that is supposed to have been the origin of marriage.

REASSURED.

She trembled like a leaf as she broke the seal.

"Can he be false?" she gasped.

Her eyes glared wildly.

"Feminine hand —"

Her face grew rigid with terror.

"— endearing terms — and — and —"

The letter fluttered to the floor.

"No," she calmly observed, reaching behind the bureau for her gum; "there 's no postscript."

She laughed lightly and was quite herself again.

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SUSPICIOUS.

SHE. — Do you think that Lord de Blawsay is really a British nobleman?

HE. — I have my doubts. His wife is neither a ballet girl nor an American heiress.

UNDER A DREADFUL APPREHENSION.

MICHAEL. — What is the matter with Dr. Thirdly? He looks as though he were panic-stricken.

GABRIEL. — He is, poor soul. He has just met Dr. Speakpeace, whom he knew on earth as a Unitarian, and no one can convince him now that he is not in the infernal regions.

A LIFE-WORK.

"LIFE-WORK" is a kind of German term made by the apprentice of a Teutonic word-carpenter, but the thing itself is lofty and admirable.

I have always desired to ardently pursue some life-work. I saw a great attraction in it. In the first place, to choose a life-work that should be exactly suited to my nature, and then each day to toil at it industriously, making constant progress, contemplating daily the increasing results of my constancy, and regarding the work still ahead not only with courage but with pleasure, in expectancy seeing it already added to the noble monument of work achieved.

But the fact is that I have never yet done the first lick at my life-work. I have been living along from day to day, as a person often will, with my life-work only in contemplation. In the first place I have had a great many other things to do. Then circumstances have never been propitious. I have never found an occasion which seemed of sufficient dignity for the inauguration of a life-work. A life-work, I think I need not say, is a serious and important business. A man can not begin a life-work just when it happens. At least I have never felt that way. I have never felt like beginning a life-work right after breakfast, and before luncheon the time is too short for any such serious undertaking. The afternoon, too, is quite brief, and so is the evening if a man goes to bed at a sensible hour and secures the sleep necessary for one intending to begin a life-work. Consequently, I have thus far been biding my time, waiting for Opportunity, of which Shakspere says: "But they ne'er meet with Opportunity."

The truth is that we have too many meals per day to comport with high endeavor. Newton, understanding this, went without his meals after he had begun his life-work, thus showing that he felt the same as myself about a life-work and its requisite concomitants, but perhaps not quite so keenly on the subject of meals.

I will say right here that I purpose having my three meals a day, life-work or no life-work. *Williston Fish.*

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SURE TO BE ON HAND.

HOTEL GUEST.—I want you to call me punctually at five o'clock to-morrow morning; it is of the greatest importance that I catch my train. I hope you won't fail me.

PORTER.—Niver fear, sor. Oi have such a terrible toothache Oi don't suppose Oi 'll slape a wink all night!

THE PUPIL IN MAGIC.

In his weakness Merlin wept. "Thy beauty is more than my magic! Slave I am to thee, and my glory hath departed," he murmured.

"Nix!"

The lithesome Vivien entwined her shapely arms about the wizard.

"I"—a smile lit up her beauteous face—"will do a Vanishing Houri act in your Wonders of Orient Occultism, first part, and I can come on in a butterfly dance during the intermission."

Old as he was, Merlin did not need to have a house fall on him. And they played to standing room only for one hundred nights in Camelot.

TRYING TIMES.

MRS. GADSBY.—So glad to be able to congratulate you on your recovery. And you have been twelve months sick? How very trying!

MRS. CHATTERLY.—Yes; and at least eleven months of that time spent with a thermometer under my tongue, unable to speak a word!

SUPERSTITION.

POET *(with MS.)*.—What floor is the editorial department?

ELEVATOR BOY.—Thirteenth.

POET.—Good day!

"BE SURE you are right; then go ahead;"—that is, if you can make up your mind within a reasonable time. If not, it may be better to take chances and get a move on, anyway.

"WHAT QUALIFICATIONS has she for office?"

"She is a self-made man."

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AN UNFOUNDED SUSPICION.

MR. HENSON *(confidentially)*.—I don't like de face of dat man Huckleby, back yonder.

MR. CAW *(indignantly)*.—You do him a great injustice, sah; why, he 's one of de whitest men I ever knowed!

"I MIGHT have gone further and fared worse," as the man who was going to Brooklyn said when he jumped off the Bridge.

WHEN THE office seeks the man, the reception of the Prodigal Son is not in it with its welcome.

WHEN CUPID breaks the ice between two people, he never puts up the danger signal.

A MAN'S second love is generally worth more money than his first.

IT 'S BEEN a good many years now, that Jove has been laughing at lovers' perjuries—but mighty few women have taken the hint.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

WHEN THE grub is cold you eat, an' you
've frost-bites on yer feet,
An' to *earn* yer meals they sets
you shov'lin' snow;
Oh, them cold nights of December, how they aids you
to remember
You 're a houseless, homeless,
friendless old hobo!

Shovel snow? Well, not for Jo!
Commence to bull'rag, git arrested fer a vag,
An' to the county jail genteelly go.

So I 'm playin' seven-up wit' a hoss-thief,
An' I 'm teachin' tricks unto the turnkey's cat;
Oh, you never hear me rail cos I 'm lyin' here in jail,
An' keepin' nice and warm an' gittin' fat!

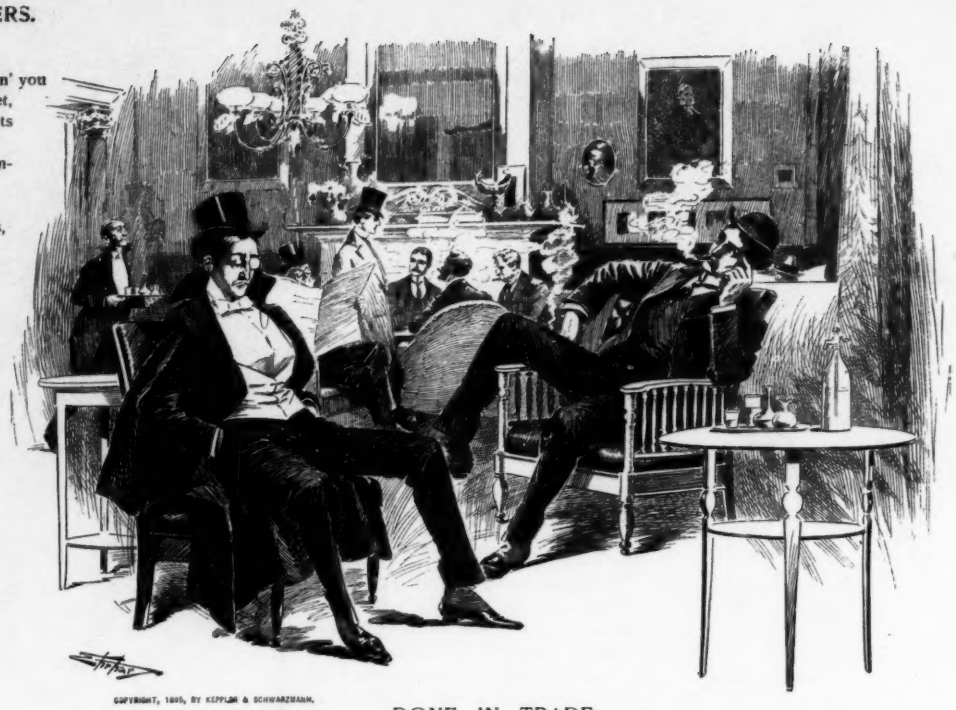
Fer I 'll be out in Spring, when the birds is on the wing,
An' I 'll take a freight an' quickly shake the place
Sleepin' out in lumber yards and sich places wit' me pards,
An' gittin' hand-outs, wit'out trouble, on me face.
Never work? Well, I should smirk!
I 'd ruther be a bummer tourin' round all through
the Summer,
An' in Winter-time in jail live like a Turk.

So I 'm playin' seven-up wit' a hoss-thief,
An' I 'm teachin' tricks unto the turnkey's cat;
Oh, you never hear me rail cos I 'm lyin' here in jail,
An' keepin' nice and warm an' gittin' fat!

Of a Sunday wimmen come an' sing hymns to ye some,
An' they give ye tracts an' talk of savin' grace;
An' I meekly answers, "Mum, it was *not* the demon rum,—
I did *nuthin'* to be brought to this 'ere place."
An' does it go? Well, rather so!
They come back other days, bring you books and big bokays,
That ye trade off fer tebaccy, which is low.

Yes; I 'm playing seven-up wit' a hoss-thief,
An' I 'm teachin' tricks unto the turnkey's cat;
With no one to go me bail I 'll stay right here in jail
Till Spring-time, keepin' warm an' gettin' fat!

Roy L. McCardell.



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DONE IN TRADE.

CHOLLY. — I can not marry her. Her father has lost all his money.
BERTIE. — But poverty is no disgrace, and you have enough money for two.
CHOLLY. — Ya-as; but he lost it in trade.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

PALLET. — Oh, I belong to the realistic school! Paint things just as I find 'em, you see.

FARMER BARNES. — Don't believe in that, young man; don't believe in it! Neighbor Brooks was jest that kind of a feller; painted his house without puttyin' up a crack — an' now look at it!

A WOMAN'S INTUITION.

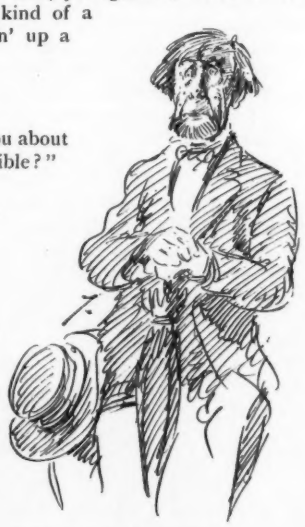
SHE. — So the first thing Tom told you about his *fiancée* was that she was "awfully sensible?"
HE. — Yes.
SHE. — That settles it. She 's plain.

AMBIGUOUS.

WIFE. — Is that you, George?
HUSBAND. — Yes, dear.
WIFE. — Oh, I 'm so glad! I 'm always afraid there 's a man in the house till you come.

JINKS. — Why does n't your wife trade at Squarely & Co.'s? Theirs is the only genuine, one-price house in town.

FILKINS. — Oh, that quality would n't suit her at all! She prefers a place where she can get "a bargain for $1.69" that is "excellent value at $3.19."



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DISCORDANT.

"I've noticed this," said
Uncle Cy,
Reviewing Life's queer
phases;
"Folks pitch the tune most
awful high
When singing their own
praises."

SMYTHE. — Are you honest in this heresy that all men were *not* created free and equal?

TOMPKINS. — To be sure I am! Only one man was ever created that way, anyhow; and before night the discovery was made that it was n't good for him.

IN STRIVING to get ahead of others look to it that you do not fall over yourself.

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GLITTERING POSSIBILITIES.

FAILUPSKI *(sighing)*. — Ah, me! I vish me dot I coot be a city editor!
MRS. FAILUPSKI. — Vot for, in Moses' name, make you dot vish, Isaac?
FAILUPSKI. — I vos toldt me dot veller make dwenty-fife assignments efery night!

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK *is $5.00 per year.*
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.
Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 16th, 1895. — No. 932.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ELIXIR OF POLITICAL LIFE.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM is rather an impressive phrase when you rip it out with the right emphasis. There is one man who invariably greets it with harsh and scornful words. He is the chronic place-hunter or officeholder. To him, Civil Service Reform is a scheme of the impractical dreamer to cheat the deserving politician out of his lawful gains; for the private creed of the professional politician runs in this wise: "I believe that the public offices of my country should be given in reward for political services to my party, often termed wire-pulling by the thoughtless. I believe the contention that a man's fitness for an office should be considered before his political services to his party, to be grossly absurd and subversive of party supremacy; although, where a man's political influence is considerable, the mere fact of his being especially fitted for a certain office should not operate as a bar to his selection therefor. I believe in expending the public money to keep my party in power, without regard to economy or the value of the service rendered; and I am justified in this, because the other party entertains the same views, despite its protestations to the contrary when it is on the outside." The politician, you will note, condemns Civil Service Reform with full knowledge of its dread import to him. There is another man who is inclined to ridicule it for the reason that he does n't know what it means. This is the plain, ordinary, common or garden variety of American citizen, — banker, mechanic, merchant, lawyer or truckman. Until within a few years, at least, he looked upon Civil Service Reform as a kind of foreign religion that native candidates preached untiringly just before election; — a something or other that both parties advertised extensively but never kept in stock. Despite these heavy odds against it, Civil Service Reform has grown and grown and is still growing; and all because a few more voters every year make the novel and astounding discoveries that a man ought to be qualified for an office to which he aspires otherwise than by his political convictions; that the eligibility of a would-be Government clerk should be no more affected by his politics than by his views about the habitability of Mars, the cure of rheumatism, or a personal devil; and that. to hire a blacksmith to do a piano tuner's work, because the blacksmith is a free-trader or a protectionist, is n't exactly common sense. The politicians, too, are making the important discovery that even the possession of all the offices does not insure victory for a party. That these several discoveries have been made is due, in no small sense, to the influence of President Cleveland, beginning with his first term. Says *Good Government*, the organ of Civil Service Reform:"

"Whether it came late or early, the main point is that the turn of civil service reform has come, and that the whole Administration is interested in seeing the President's policy made a success. There is no longer any doubt what that policy is; and it is safe to say that, unless some change of conditions occurs which can not now be foreseen, Mr. Cleveland's successor will be subject to very little of the worry and annoyance which has beset every President from Lincoln's time to ours, since everything, or nearly everything, to which the civil service rules are applicable will have been brought under them before the 4th of March, 1897."

And after that we shall come near to having some honest politics.

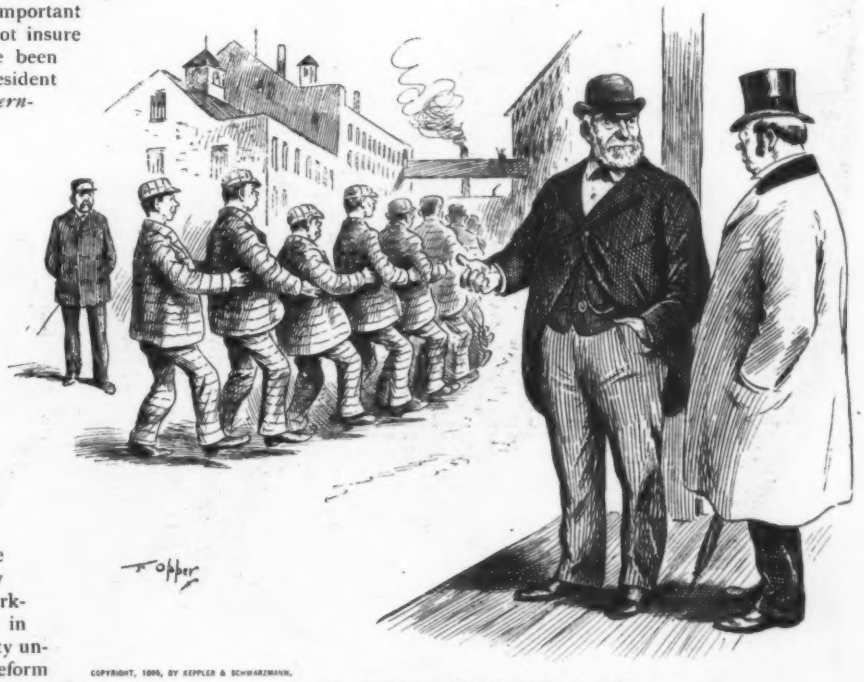
AN INTERESTING EPIDEMIC.

Not the least interesting feature of the lately closed Lexow Investigation is the influence it exerted upon the country at large. New York has set the style for exposing municipal corruption, and it is a pretty mean sort of city that has not emulated it in some way. Parkhursts have sprung up profusely from Boston to San Diego; in every community the Better Element is making things mighty unpleasant for the wicked. Abstractly this is as it should be. Reform is Good. Villainy should be punished. The blackmailing police of Philadelphia and San Francisco, the wicked selectmen of Hay Corners, who made a "deal" for the new village pump,—all should be exposed and scourged. But, unfortunately enough, in too many cases this reform movement will prove to be only a spasm, because the Better Element is generally too fussy to be practical. Real, genuine Parkhursts are scarce, and this extraordinary growth is probably a mushroom variety. The same investigation has also stirred to new activity a number of well-meaning but irrational beings who have pet reforms of their own. These people live on fads, such as slumming, religion, dress-reform, woman suffrage, personal purity or sanitary plumbing. They prefer to belong to a society that has for its object the suppression of some form of popular amusement or social diversion. To this class belongs the New York woman who is trying to arouse her sisters to a sense of shame in the matter of the soul-destroying décolleté dress. She is doubtless an excellent woman at heart, but she has a most unfortunate bent of mind — what is usually termed prurient, and, sometimes, "nasty," a sort of mind that makes an ill-smelling moral atmosphere. Then there is a Lady Henry Somerset, who landed here a few weeks ago and loudly proclaimed that she was come to suppress our living pictures and to make us good and sweet and religious — everything in London having been reformed as fully as she could wish. On the heels of her arrival came the casual announcement of a London journal that Lady Henry rents some houses in the East End of London to women who are not a bit better than they should be, whereupon Lady Henry ceased to be heard in the land. You see, she was not a real, earnest reformer; she just had a fad for not minding her own business and gaining newspaper notoriety thereby. And then there is Frances Willard, the most persistent self-advertiser in the world, probably, if we except Oliver Sumner Teal. This lady comes out for total abstinence, the free coinage of silver and another cabinet officer to see that our circus posters and theatrical entertainments are moral and edifying. We do not know the names of all the societies to which these ladies belong. "The Society of the Prowling Prudes" would do very nicely for them all, though. Their great mistake is that they believe human nature can be reconstructed by law, and that, if they could only once pass a general law requiring everybody to be moral in thought and act, under penalty of death, the world would be regenerated. If they ever indulged in the luxury of calm, rational thought, they would see that if human laws could materially affect human morals, sin would long since have been abolished. If all the people would only consent to respect the laws that a few of these people consider wholesome, it might be well; but so long as our affairs are conducted on the majority-rule plan, people must be taught morality instead of having it legislated into them. It is sad and distressing, but the truth is that the average reformer does n't amount to shucks, because he or she insists upon trying to force people to do right instead of teaching them the right.

AND THE GAME WENT ON.

We met at the ball, bright shone the stars,
'T was over in one swift glance;
I was carried away, — and so was he, —
In the college ambulance.

Joe Cone.



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AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

PRISON WARDEN.— That second man in the line is a bank clerk who was lately sent here for a defalcation of four thousand dollars; — very remarkable case!

VISITOR.— What is remarkable about it?

PRISON WARDEN.— Why, he did n't live in Brooklyn, and he had n't been inside a church in sixteen years!

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FOR THEIR OV

NEITHER OF THESE ANIMALS HAS THRIVEN IN THE SPOILS PASTURE

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Park Building, N.Y.

EIR OWN GOOD.

LS PASTURE, AND THE SOONER THEY ARE BARRED OUT THE BETTER.

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POOR SELECTIONS.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—Were n't you surprised to hear your cashier had skipped?

SECOND OFFICE-BOY.—Naw! You oughter see the horses he used to bet on!

BETTER FITTED FOR IT.

OFFICE BOY.—Doctor, you know that prescription you gave Old Mr. Lanks last night? Well, he took it this morning and died in five minutes.

DR. NEW *(in disgust)*.—Ar-r-r-r! That is just the way luck runs against a struggling young physician! Old Lanks bade fair to be a good reliable patient for years to come. By George! I believe I 'll try to get elected coroner.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

"I have finished that article you told me to write, urging that scheme of yours, sir," said the assistant to the editor.

"Have you put in all the arguments in its favor that you can think of?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then add that 'other considerations will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader,' and let it go at that."

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"TROUBLE BETWEEN MAN AND WIFE."

ONE-HALF THE WORLD.

UNFORTUNATE FRIEND. — How I envy you with your comfortable home and plenty to eat and drink!

THE FAMILY CAT.—It 's little you know about what I have to go through. That last baby has just learned to walk.

UNSEASONABLE.

Now comes the time of drifting snow,
Of chilling frosts and icicles,
And jocund jokes no longer "go"
'Bout bloomer girls and bicycles.

R. L. M.

GOSSIP PUTS two and two together and makes whatever sum it desires.

THE WOULD-BE meddler with "green goods" is reminded of his youthful experiences with the sour apple.

NOT UP TO THE MARK.

MANAGER.—I 'm afraid your melodrama will not answer.

AUTHOR.—Would you mind saying in what respect you consider it defective?

MANAGER. — The incidents are not sufficiently improbable.

IN THE AFFIRMATIVE.

OH! If I were a man! she said,
How happy I should be!
I then, without delay, could ask
My love to marry me.

But, as it is, in eager hope
That he my thoughts
may guess,
To every blessed thing he
says,
I quickly answer "yes."

George E. Dewyr.

WE DON'T know what we can do till we try, and then we frequently find that we can't.

IT IS not good for man to be alone; he must have somebody to quarrel with in order to be happy.

IT WOULD be equally true, beautiful and philosophic, to say that there are no birds in next year's nests.

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THE ACME OF BLISS.

SUBBUBS.—Never breathe a word to any one if I tell you something, Commuter? Well, I hit the opium pipe the other night; and, oh! I had a delightful dream.

COMMUTER.—Dreamt of heaven, angels, untold wealth and the like, I suppose?

SUBBUBS *(in blissful remembrance)*.—No; far better than that! I dreamt I had a servant girl that stayed with us for six weeks.

BOTH USEFUL.

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This is the straight path to the front door, which Mr. Outertown uses, when returning home from business, every day.

This is the serpentine path to the side door, which Mr. Outertown takes, when returning from the lodge, if there is snow on the ground, to prevent people from getting onto his curves.

SWEET REGRETS.

IT WAS Summer-time. The office windows were open. The old millionaire had come up to confer with his lawyer, and had been told he could now foreclose his mortgage on a fine and coveted corner which he knew he could bid in for a song. He therefore felt at peace with all the world, and he wished that everybody might banish uncharitable and sordid thoughts, and be of good cheer. He took off his hat, and wiped his brow.

"I am thinking of going out into the country," he said, speaking in a kind tone of that humble region. "I like the country. We don't really know what life is here. I often wish I were back. I had a farm before I came to town — about five hundred acres — as pretty land as ever laid outdoors — high, rolling, sandy loam; oh! fine pasture, plenty of woods, and running - spring right on the place — never went dry the driest season; and magnificent orchard. I set out about ten acres all to grafted fruit before I sold, and looked to seein' 'em bear — I could have sold ev'ry bar'l of apples for two dollars right on the ground.

"But I sold — I sold. Yes, sir; I sold that five hundred acres — $80 an acre, and came here and put every dollar into corners. Of course, hitting it just the time I did, the money has turned itself a good many times; but I don't know; I often wish I had n't sold the old farm. I sold it to my brother-'n-law for $80 an acre. That was twenty years ago, and I don't suppose he could get $40 an acre now —"

Here the sad repiner engaged in silent thought of his brother-in-law pounding clods on the depreciated farm, and became suffused with such joy that, as he rose and put on his hat, he seemed like a statue of ecstasy. "No, sir; I don't suppose he could get forty dollars. Fine farm, too."

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HOW TO GET RICH.

REPORTER *(interviewing millionaire)*.— To what do you owe your success in life?

RICH PORK PACKER.— To the fact that when I was young and ambitious I lost my job.

REPORTER.— Your job? What were you?

RICH PORK PACKER.— I was a reporter.

HER JUST ANGER.

She confronted him like an angry tigress.

"Never," she cried, "darken my doors again!"

He cowered before her glance.

"After —"

Her voice was harsh with resentment.

"— I had told you to be so particular to finish all the woodwork in light effects."

In silence he proceeded to mix his paints anew.

EVERY MAN is a millionaire when he pays a bill.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

Castoria

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M.D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D.D., New York City.

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·EXTRA FINE·
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All our shoes are equally satisfactory
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They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
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LOVE WILL BRING Me Back Again and 150 other Songs, all for 10 Cents. H. J. WEHMAN, 129 Park Row, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good HEARing than all other devices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears as glasses to eyes. F. Hiscox, 858 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

HER SUGARED SMILE.

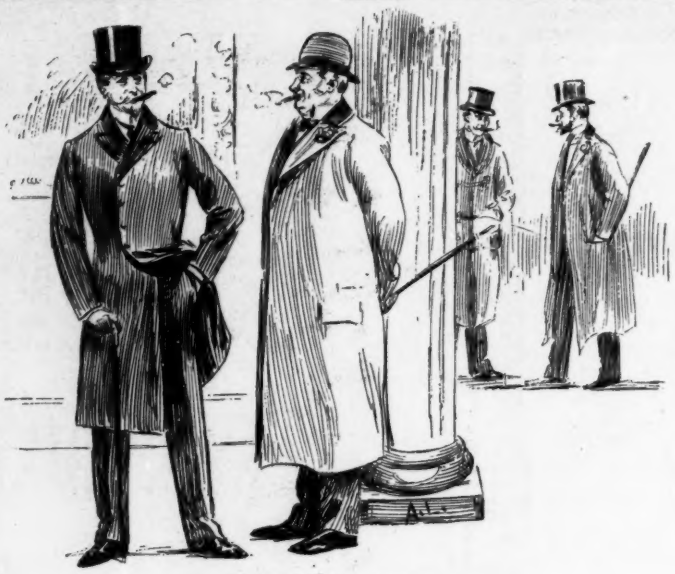
She smiled as sweet as sugar,
And always did it, for
The object of her smiling was
A U. S. Senator.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHIRTS, TOO, PERHAPS.

HOLYOKE.—My washerwoman constantly reminds me of one of my childhood's games.

HILTON.—Why, how 's that?

HOLYOKE.—I always feel as though I were playing "drop-the-handkerchief" with her.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



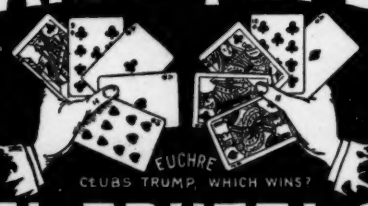
THE BEST PASSPORT.

MR. SMYTHE.—"I am very anxious to get into society. How can I do it?"

MR. BROWNE.—"Wear a Knox hat like the rest of our society men do. You'll find it will assist you greatly in getting there."

ADAMS' PEPSIN

Aids Digestion



EUCHRE
CLUBS TRUMP, WHICH WINS?

Improves The Appetite

TUTTI-FRUTTI GUM

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ANOTHER MISTAKE.—I.

COMMUTER *(to companion).*—How easy it is to tell a bride and groom on a railroad train! That fellow does nothing but shower attention on that girl, and has eyes for no one else. It 's a queer way, though, for them to go on their bridal tour—toward Lonesomehurst.

YALE MIXTURE

A Gentleman's Smoke.

Perfect in its blending & manufactured from the finest Tobacco grown, regardless of cost.

A 2 oz. trial package post-paid for 25 cents.

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Lithia Tablets

For the correct administration of **Lithia**, and for making **Lithia Water of definite strength.**

An elegant, portable and effectual remedy in **Rheumatism**, Gout, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Etc.

Convenient, efficient and economical.

Can be Had at All Druggists.

The Unexpected.

Cholly.—It is the unexpected that always happens, don't you know.

Jack.—What 's up? Did you pay your board bill?—*Detroit Free Press.*

She went to the play with pleasure;
She left in wild despair.
Her hat was wide, but the foot-ball man
Was there with his uncut hair.
—*Inter Ocean.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

Unfamiliar With Society Lingo.

Mrs. Highstyle. — What do you want, sir?

Tramp.—Please, Mum, if you would have one o' your servants give me a cold cut of some kind—

Mrs. Highstyle.—Certainly. Perkins, tell the chambermaid to come and stare at this man without recognizing him.—*New York Weekly.*

The use of Boker's Bitters excites the appetite, cures dyspepsia, and prevents colic.

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps.

Famous throughout the entire World.

10c.

YANKEE—the *first* of all—made way back in 1838—sold to-day in every part of the world. Popular price—10c. a cake. Enough soap for over 200 shaves.

25c.

"LUXURY"—same *quality* as the YANKEE—but much larger—and much more richly scented. Made *round*—to *just fit the cup.* 25c.

25c.

STICKS—so much better than any other Shaving Stick that in 1893—enough were sold in all parts of the world—to shave over **20 MILLION MEN.** Be sure you notice the patented case. This Stick costs no more than inferior kinds—25c.

40c.

For BARBERS we prepare what is known as our **WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP.** This—in rolls—of 6 round tablets each—is also sold by druggists everywhere for Toilet Purposes—for which it is highly recommended by physicians—on account of its extreme mildness and purity. 40c. per package. *Beware of dangerous substitutes.*

Note.—If your dealer does not have **WILLIAMS'** Soaps—we mail any kind you wish—postpaid—on receipt of price in stamps. A complete assortment as described above—sent for $1.00. Address

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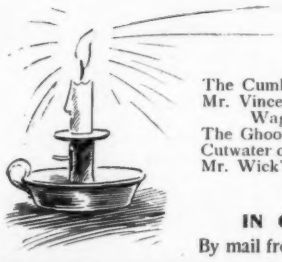
MORE "SHORT SIXES."

By H. C. BUNNER, Editor of PUCK.
Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.



The Cumbersome Horse,
Mr. Vincent Egg and the Wage of Sin,
The Ghoollah,
Cutwater of Seneca,
Mr. Wick's Aunt,
What Mrs. Fortescue Did,
"The Man with the Pink Pants,"
The Third Figure in the Cotillion,
"Samantha Boom-de-ay,"
My Dear Mrs. Billington.

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: John Boyd Thacher,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

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ANOTHER MISTAKE.—II.

The Supposed Groom *(to the supposed bride).*—Yes, I 'm sure you 'll like the place:—everything your own way. Go out whenever you wish—etc., etc., etc.

CALIFORNIA

Everybody Goes With Phillips,

And his fourteen years of experience in handling California Excursions is a guarantee that the Phillips-Rock Island Excursions are the best.

Tourist Cars, with upholstered seats, running on fast trains, under the personal guidance of a Phillips manager, insure a quick and pleasant trip. Sleeping Car rate to California points from Boston $8.00, from Chicago $6.00.

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Finest Dressing and Best Tonic
FOR THE HAIR.

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All druggists or by mail 50 cents. 44 Stone St., N. Y.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

STAINED FLOORS.

"John," said the good old lady, "I guess I 'll hev to git out the old loom and make up Mary a few yards of rag carpet to kiver her floors. She says in the letter I jist got that all the floors in her new house are stained. Them keerless city servants done it, I guess."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

HE WAS GLAD.

LITTLE BOY.—That ink that Papa writes with is n't indelible ink, is it?

MOTHER.—No.

"I 'm glad of that."

"Why?"

"I 've spilt it all over the carpet."
—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

All persons suffering from stomach troubles should try BOKER'S BITTERS. Renowned specific since 1828.

TOO PARTICULAR.

EMPLOYMENT AGENT.—What was the matter with your last place?

DOMESTIC.—The missus was too perticuler.

"In what way?"

"She would n't let me lock th' baby in th' foldin'-bed w'en I had company."—*New York Weekly.*

ALDERMANIC FORETHOUGHT.

SPARHAWK.—I thought the authorities in your city did n't allow prize fighters to give exhibitions.

RINGROPE.—They don't; but since the fighters began to kill each other the law has n't been enforced.—*South Boston News.*

Mount Vernon Rye Whiskey

Only in Square Bottles.

meets the wants of those who are willing to pay a little more to be sure of getting an article which they know is the best that can be had at any price.

It is **bottled at the distillery,** under such precautions as insure its reaching the consumer in a perfectly pure condition.

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is like employing a second-class doctor, or using second-class medicine.

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Send stamp for illustrated catalog.

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HIS MACHINERY.

"What sort of wheel has Krankson in his head at present? Do you know?"

"Lemme see. He is wild on the temperance question just at present, so I suppose it 's a water wheel."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

A CHANGE.

OLD BOARDER.—What 's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

WAITER GIRL.—No, sir; not ham and eggs this morning.

"Thank the stars! What is it?"

"Only ham."—*New York Weekly.*

No wine has a purer bouquet than *Cook's Extra Imperial Champagne.* It is the pure juice of the grapes fermented.

EVERY one who does anything wrong these days claims to have been hypnotized. Was any one ever hypnotized to do anything good?
—*Atchison Globe.*

EDITOR.—In writing up the foot-ball game why do you say it was hotly contested?

REPORTER.—I don't see how it could be otherwise, when it was played on a gridiron.
—*Norristown Herald.*

THE difference between a man and a horse is that the latter never goes on a race track until after he 's broke.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE man who "has his price" will be very careful about showing his cost mark.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Anæmic Women

with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

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DEAFNESS

and **Head Noises** relieved by using **Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.**

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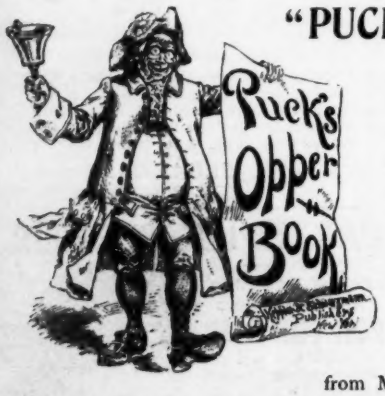

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"ONE ob de mos' melancholy sights," said Uncle Eben, "am dat ob de young man who goes ter a hoss-race an' thinks he hab foun' er new way ter mek money."
—*Washington Star.*

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A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

WEARY WIGGINS.—Say, dis beef de dame gave us is awful tough.
WEARY TRADDLES.—Yes; but it would be tougher if she did n't give us any.

Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all Headaches.

Brace Up

the nerves and the body will take care of itself. Sufferers from dyspepsia, insomnia, and kindred affections are benefited by C. H. Evans & Sons' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout, because they contain more health-giving properties than almost any other tonic or beverage.

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NEW FEATURES. TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
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$2.50 STEM WIND & SET GENTS OR LADIES SIZE FREE

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THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

14K 14K

STARTING A PAPER.

SHE. — Lady Colin Campbell is going to start a paper in London to be called the *Realm*.

HE.—Well, if it is anything like starting a paper in this country I 'll bet the coin of *The Realm* will be mighty scarce before very long. — *Detroit Free Press.*

"THE Downfall of China," read Mr. Broker, glancing at a heading in his morning newspaper. "I suppose," said his wife, dropping a second cube of sugar into her coffee; "that the family in which it happened employs a careless servant."—*Norristown Herald.*

CRIMSONBEAK always believes it is best to tell his wife the truth. He 'd been out with "the boys," the other night, and when his wife asked him what kept him out so late, he replied that he had to stop several times on his way home to get his breath. When his wife got one gentle zephyr from that breath, she never doubted his word. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

VISITING is as hard on clothes as a rainstorm.
—*Atchison Globe.*

None name it but to praise.

Mr. Bunner gives us for holiday reading another volume of "Short Sixes," ten of his short tales from PUCK. They include that famous one for which there has been such a demand, "Cutwater of Seneca."—*N. Y. World.*

They (More "Short Sixes") are capital tales, charmingly humorous, with that touch of pathos in them which gives humor its keenest edge. The volume has a silhouette portrait of the author, and a number of capital illustrations. It is a book to read. — *New Orleans Picayune.*

More "Short Sixes," by H. C. Bunner, is a volume of interesting illustrated sketches, dealing severally with fun, love, adventure and mystery. It is a very entertaining book to pick up for a half-hour's reading. — *Phila., Pa., Call.*

The inimitable Bunner comes out with some More "Short Sixes" in book form, just in time to add to the gayety of nations in these Christmas Times. — *N. Y. Evening World.*

Everybody knows Bunner's "Short Sixes;" there are ten of them in the present volume, and, had there been a hundred, the demand would still exceed the supply. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bunner will give us "Still More 'Short Sixes,'" and "Further 'Short Sixes'" and "Additional 'Short Sixes'" and "Supplementary 'Short Sixes;'" for surely his genius is inexhaustible. As usual, C. J. Taylor is Bunner's artist. — *N. Y. Home Journal.*

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DANGER AVOIDED.

DAUGHTER. — Is it really bad form to go shopping without a chaperon?

MRS. DE STYLE.—Excessively. Young ladies who shop without a chaperon are almost sure to forget themselves and buy things.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SURE OF ONE THING.

LITTLE JOHNNY.—The teacher said today that we belong to the animal kingdom. Do you b'lieve boys and girls are animals?

LITTLE ETHEL. — Boys is. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use Angostura Bitters to secure a good digestion, but the genuine only, manufactured by Dr. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

AGREED.

HE.—Get you a real sealskin? Really, my dear, you are asking too much?

SHE.—Yes; that is so. This makes the third time I have asked you, when once ought to have been enough. —*Cincinnati Tribune.*

THE woman's enthusiasm for what she is to be is only equaled by the man's boast of what he used to be.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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SUNBRUE, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

NOW IN the morning, when the first faint light
Is followed by the rosy streaks of dawn,
A little snow-bird flutters through the vines
And lights upon my window-sill, and then
Pours softly out to my attending ears:
PICKINGS FROM PUCK is good,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK is good.
PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
PICKINGS FROM PUCK is good.
Then doth the snow-bird cease and fly away
To tell his story to the folks next door.
Price Twenty-five Cents.

AT MRS. SLIMDIET'S.

APPY TITE *(looking at the Sunday dinner)*. — Well, Kicker, one of us has got to go hungry. I 'll match you for that chicken.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

A NUMBER of Newarkers have been dining on horse meat, and pronounce it good. This may be a move to utilize the thousands of street-car horses thrown out of employment by the introduction of the trolley.—*Norristown Herald.*

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IT requires skill to argue—any man can dispute. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EVERY girl's friends think she should marry a man who makes ten times as much money as her father.—*Atchison Globe.*

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DISPROVED.

She said: "Thou art too hard to please,
And can not marry me."
He, wondering greatly, made reply:
"Yet I was pleased with thee."

HAUNTED.

"Latin," said the man who makes profound remarks, "will always rank as one of the dead languages."

"I suppose so," replied the High School boy, as he opened his Cicero; "but it certainly makes a healthy ghost."—*Washington Star.*

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J. SCHMEDJE, Adv. Agent Anheuser-Busch B. A., St. Louis.

COMPLEXION POWDER
Is an absolute necessity of refined toilet in this climate. Pozzoni's combines every element of beauty and purity.

NOT INSURED.

MRS. DE STYLE.—Marie! Is the dog chained?

SERVANT.—Yes'm.

"And the cat put out?"

"Yes'm."

"And the children tied to the bedpost in the nursery!"

"Yes'm."

"Very well. Then you may light the piano lamp."—*New York Weekly.*

IT is easy for you to prove righteousness by the book—but can the book prove it by you?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MAKING HIM COMFORTABLE.

NEW BOARDER *(shivering)*.—This stove is too small for this room.

LANDLADY *(kindly)*.—So it is. I 'll have it moved into a smaller room for you.—*New York Weekly.*

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The Mexican International Railroad has just established a new Sleeping Car service, running an elegant Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car from San Antonio through to the City of Mexico, daily, connecting with all Eastern roads at San Antonio. All agents of the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Company sell through tickets to the City of Mexico, or side trip tickets (to passengers holding California excursion tickets). Also tickets to all points in Texas, New and Old Mexico, Arizona, Japan, China and Australia. Don't forget the "Sunset Limited" new fast Dining-Car Train to California. For free illustrated pamphlets, and time-tables, apply to 343 Broadway, or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Building), N. Y.

MRS. MIDDLETON.—Well, this call on the Newtons is inevitable. I'm sure, Henry, you don't dislike it any more than I do.

MR. NEWTON.—Ah! I tell you, Mary, it does a man good to sit home by his own fireside in quiet and contentment.

NEWTONS' SERVANT.—Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mum, is downstairs; shall Oi till thim to come right up?

MRS. NEWTON.—Yes; we must see them, I suppose! Go down slowly, Bridget, and give me a chance to change this old wrapper. John, hurry and put on a clean collar and change that ragged house coat.

MR. AND MRS. NEWTON.—Why! Good evening! Awfully glad to see you! This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure! Take a seat! Make yourselves at home. Give me your hat and coat! Take off your things!

MR. NEWTON.—So glad you came, old man! Light another cigar.
MR. MIDDLETON.—Yes; I said to my wife, "we *must* go to-night!"
MRS. NEWTON.—Oh, it was awfully good of you to come!
MRS. MIDDLETON.—Yes; and if you knew what a pleasure it is for us to come here!

MR. AND MRS. NEWTON.—What! Going so soon? Why, you have not been here much over an hour. Well, good-day; and be sure to come soon again. We have had such a pleasant evening.

MR. AND MRS. MIDDLETON.—Of all the tiresome places that is the worst! Well, I'm glad that visit is done and over with, anyway!

MR. AND MRS. NEWTON.—They make me tired; that 's what they do! Glad they had sense enough to get out as soon as they did. At any rate, they 'll not trouble us for some time to come.

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